

THE SECRETS OF THE THALMOR

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THE SECRETS OF THE THALMOR

by [LeviathansEyes](#)

Summary

An overzealous Thalmor Justiciar arrests a Breton woman for possession of dubious material. Said material turns out to be Thalmor smut. Another Justiciar offers to deal with the situation in a way that will leave everyone happy.

Or: a Thalmor Justiciar roleplays a Thalmor Justiciar.

Notes

One-shot of almost gratuitous smut. Spinoff from Chapter 25 of my other work, [Finding 'Home.'](#)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

- Inspired by [Finding "Home"](#) by [LeviathansEyes](#)

“But sir...” Her eyes slid down his black robe, fixing at his waist.

The tall Justiciar sneered inside his hood. “Beautiful heretic,” he hissed. He made an effortless gesture and magic glowed around his hand.

She bit her lip seeing the magic working. The tent in his robes grew to monstrous size, and she

writhed against her binds. "Please, sir..." she whimpered.

"Be quiet, my pet." He licked along her ear.

Elyenne stifled a laugh. It became, instead, an inelegant snort. "Gods, this is rubbish," she said aloud.

She turned the page anyway; she'd paid for the damn thing, and she had nothing else to do out here. Her camp was just an isolated ledge on the road east from Markarth, so she was alone with no distractions. It was too dangerous to travel after sunset between the lingering Reachmen and the sabers that stalked the night. And it was too damn cold, too. Plus, she didn't fancy accidentally stumbling down one of the steep falls along this road and plunging into the river. All of these were good reasons to be tucked away up here on her little ledge with nothing but a very small fire, a traveling pack and a thick sleeping fur to keep her company.

Anyway, once the awful story got past its magical elf-cocks and terrible pet names, she had to admit it had its spicy scenes.

This one, for example. Her thumb lingered on the worn page she'd turned to, where the handsome Thalmor agent pinned his prisoner to the wall and fucked her senseless. For some reason the prisoner was fine with that, which was—Elyenne supposed—better than it being outright rapey, or something. The foot-long magic cock was a bit much, but there was a lot of pounding, thrusting, sweating, and just enough sexy black uniform and Altmer haughtiness for her to find it worth a read.

She slid lower in the furs, tilting the sheaf of cheaply-bound pages toward the firelight for visibility.

His hips hammered hers mercilessly. She began to scream in pleasure.

"Say it, you filthy Nord!"

"You're bigger than Talos! I admit it!"

"Really," Elyenne muttered. "Who wrote this?" But the quality didn't really matter. It was cheesy smut, and that sort of thing was hard to come by here in Skyrim. *Decent* romance was just about out of the question. It seemed like every other filthy book was just another chapter of the Lusty Argonian Maid, and this... well.

Elyenne had a *thing* for uniforms. And a *thing* for dominance and authority. Oh, and a thing for *elves*. Maybe it was her Breton heritage, but there was just something about a towering Altmer figure that left her weak in the knees. Put that figure in a uniform, and... Well.

So now she had one hand propping up the cheap book, and the other resting between her thighs, fingers moving there, just a little. And she did her best to lose herself in the shitty story, at least for awhile.

He turned her around, bending her over, and slid hands up her body to grasp her heavy breasts. They were huge, firm, swinging in his hands-

“Waaaaait, what?” Elyenne's hand stopped moving, and she squinted at the page. Flipped back to reread, then forward. ...Yeah, there it was.

The tall and handsome Mer clamped the iron binds around her wrists, leaving her bound to the bar against the dungeon wall.

“You were in shackles, you idiot,” Elyenne sighed. Was she too picky? The hot dampness just blooming between her thighs suddenly felt distant, any lust now replaced by her annoyance at the mental image of the giant-breasted woman somehow turned around and bent over without her manacled arms shattering.

Elyenne flipped forward a few pages, skimming over the bit where the Justiciar undressed the woman, pushing her to the floor. Again he didn't remove the shackles, somehow. *Awful*. Then he grabbed the woman by the hair, demanding that she beg for more... Elyenne settled back in to read, her hand moving again, fingers curling inward, and-

-out in the dark, something *moved*.

Elyenne froze, fear driving cold reality back through her warm and hazy fantasy. It had been a single, distant snap of a branch—but it quickly grew into the rhythmic punch of rapidly approaching footfalls. Elyenne swore softly, jerking her hand from in between her thighs and scooting up and out of her furs. *Where's my fucking staff-* she thought, half-panicked, as she came to her feet.

Someone was coming—multiple people, if her ears were accurate. *Reachmen?* There wasn't time to guess any further, because suddenly, they were *here*. Three figures, stepping into the firelight—and *oh, fuck*.

Elyenne's blue eyes snapped wide as she recognized the gold-embroidered black of a Thalmor *fucking* Justiciar stepping into the firelight.

“Ha!” she said, panic driving a laugh through her, and she turned and chucked the cheap book into the bushes without thinking. Her face was taut with both fear and hilarity as she turned back, a terrified grin on her face. *This has to be a dream!?* Hastily she wiped her hands down on her trousers *gross, oh no, oh fuck* and stepped back. “Hello! What can I do for you?” Her voice came out high and tight.

The Justiciar in the lead looked... young. He was smooth-faced, thin and haughty. His yellow eyes flashed to the bushes behind her, and narrowed. “What was that?” he demanded.

Haha oh fuck. “Nothing?” *Oh, fucking great lie, Elyenne. Nothing??* She opened her mouth to add something—to promise it wasn't a Talos amulet, or to claim it'd just been a stick or something—and couldn't find her words.

The Justiciar gestured. The two golden-clad soldiers to either side—taller Mer, just as impassive as he was—stepped forward to flank him, and he barked orders at them. “She threw something into the bushes. Find it.”

“No, it's just-” Elyenne hastened to stop them, stepping forward, hands coming up. The soldier nearest pushed past her, reaching out one hand and shoving her away so hard she stumbled and then fell. It hurt, too; she glanced off the edge of her own campfire, crying out as the heat seared her. She rolled away to find the Justiciar coming to a stop just beside her. He knelt swiftly, pressing his knee to Elyenne's chest to pin her down, and it was not at all sexy. It was *horrible*, actually, shame and dread bringing a deep flush to her face. She stared up in fear, and he stared back with disdain and... hatred. There was no other word for it. He didn't know her, but *he hated her*.

“It's just a book,” she managed, her voice a choked whisper.

“We'll see about that,” he snapped, and she let her head fall back against the dirt. This was shameful, but worst case, he'd have a look through it and they'd all share a red-faced and coughing exchange, the Thalmor would quickly leave and she'd be left mortified and a little bit singed. Hell, maybe it'd be a story she could laugh about, later. *Right?*

Both soldiers were shuffling around in the bushes, and one finally spoke. “Here, sir.” Both stomped back over, and Elyenne eyed the book with rising shame.

Even its cheaply-printed cover art was typical romance novel drivel. It featured a towering Justiciar in robes, a sneer on his face as he held the upper arms of a half-naked woman bound before him. The title, in all capital letters etched boldly across the top, was “THE SECRETS OF THE THALMOR.”

“What have we here,” the Justiciar sneered, taking the book in his hand and eyeing the title.

Elyenne shut her eyes. “Fuck,” she muttered. She was mortified.

“You don't care to answer..?” he asked, venomous, and she opened her eyes again to give him a weary stare.

What could she even say to that..? How did she explain? *'Yeah, I was just reading a cheesy romance book where a Justiciar takes a human prisoner and rams her up against the wall and-'*

Her sarcastic thoughts, along with her deep mortification, were abruptly replaced by terror at the Justiciar's next words: “You are carrying around intelligence on Thalmor operations, and you refuse to answer. This is unwise, but so be it. -Bind her, gag her. We are taking her back to the Embassy for interrogation.”

“Whoa, wait—wait-” Suddenly, she very much *wanted* to explain.

Hands pressed in, rope and leather thongs visible, and Elyenne's eyes snapped even wider. “No, it's just-”

Cloth was shoved into her mouth.

-a shitty romance book...

The words died unsaid, and she dropped her head back again, wondering just how the hell she was going to explain this delay to the Synod back home.

Thalmor Embassy

Three Days Later

Justiciar Alecantar had been strutting and preening since he'd arrived back at the Embassy with his prisoner. He'd taken only a cursory glance through the book that the Breton had been carrying, and had seen a brief description of what looked like Thalmor dungeons. That, in his mind, had been enough to haul her here to be dealt with, and he'd at once handed the book to the First Emissary for proper study. Undoubtedly the Breton would be sent off to Northwatch Keep for interrogation, and Alecantar would be praised, an invaluable mark of good service checked across his Thalmor records.

He'd found a conspirator, after all, out in the dark of the Markarth wilderness. Right under commander Ondolemar's nose!

Tonight, the second night after their return to the Embassy, Alecantar had been called to a meeting. The First Emissary had sent word that he was to be addressed before all available staff, and Alecantar was certain that he was about to be praised, even reassigned to more important tasks. He wondered what foul plot had been revealed by his work.

So now—still strutting and preening as he stalked past his associates—he made his way to the common room, and pushed his way to the front of the gathering crowd. “Excuse me. Make way, please,” he demanded, more haughty than polite. There had to be two dozen soldiers and Justiciars there, all of them called in to hear about something uncovered in Justiciar Alecantar's field work. He stopped at the front, standing proud, robes freshly cleaned and starched stiff. He wanted to look *good* for his promotion.

The First Emissary swept in only a few moments later, and Alecantar was gratified to see the recovered book tucked under her arm. Small, colored bits of paper marked different passages, jutting up like bookmarks, indicating that Elenwen had spent some time scouring the work for details. *I did well*, he told himself; and he wondered again what sort of conspiracies he'd exposed.

First Emissary Elenwen stood before them, every bit as formal and upright as Alecantar himself, and cleared her throat. Her always-grating voice launched straight into an address, without preamble. Alecantar struggled not to smile, to show his pride. It'd have been unseemly.

“Tonight,” Elenwen began, “we are here to address the arrest recently made by Justiciar Alecantar, along with the evidence that he has recovered.” She held the thinly-printed volume up, turning the cover so the whole room could see it.

Alecantar was a little puzzled to hear a few stifled snorts, and he turned, firing a glare around the

room. But... Not everyone was solemn, now. A couple of the soldiers were fighting not to smile, and Alecantar scowled, suddenly feeling hot in his robes. Feeling like... maybe something wasn't *right*.

“Justiciar,” Elenwen went on, “if you please, give our gathering a brief report of that evening.”

He stepped forward, offering a swift bow, uncertainty forgotten in the face of duty. “First Emissary,” he acknowledged, and turned toward the Thalmor crowd. “Three nights ago, my men and I moved to investigate a campfire on a ridge. We found a Breton girl with these writings in her possession. While she attempted to dispose of them upon our arrival, we swiftly recovered them. She has refused to speak. A brief check of the material shows that it depicts the inside of our dungeons,” he added, narrowing his eyes as he looked over the crowd. Alecantar was filled, just then, with a sense of his own importance. He was trying to impress upon the Justiciars here, upon the soldiers, that somehow word had gotten out about the dungeons. That somehow, they had a *traitor* in their midst.

Elenwen cleared her throat, and he looked to her. “Indeed. This is material of a very serious nature, Justiciar. Please, turn to the red marker, if you would, and read this... *revealing* information aloud.” Her expression was inscrutable, and Alecantar took it as solemnity; he gave Elenwen a curt nod, and took the papers in hand.

He took the red bookmark, turned to it, and began to read the underlined passage. His words were ringing through the room, strong with his conviction, before he realized just what it was he was saying—before horror caught up with him, before his words faltered into a shocked stammer.

“The broad-shouldered Justiciar pressed his fingers deeper into her, and another spark of shock m- ... magic-... Good *gods*,” he spat, eyes widening.

Stifled laughter filled the room.

“Oh, no, please, *continue*.” The Emissary's voice brimmed with poison.

But Alecantar remained silent, brow furrowing as he scanned down the page. And in horror, he flipped to the next, and then the next—and back again, his face flushing a deep, dark pink.

“No-? Please, then. To the blue mark. Read,” Elenwen commanded, and now Alecantar could hear the anger in her voice.

Now he knew just how badly he'd misstepped.

He felt like he might shrink and melt away, dripping through the floorboards. He almost wished he could. Anything to escape all the eyes upon him now.

Dutiful, but shamed into hushed tones, he read the next passage aloud. “His... magically-enhanced... high elf... cock,” he began, and now there was uncomfortable shifting throughout the room, coughing laughter here and there. “...was almost too big to fit. He... pounded her from behind...” Alecantar grimaced, as though this caused him real pain to read. “...the globes of her breasts heavy in his hands... and he squeezed her-... nipples again...” The Justiciar took a breath, and looked with horror to Elenwen, his expression a silent plea for mercy.

She stared him down. “Tell me, Justiciar Alecantar,” she asked him sweetly, “where was the conspiracy to be found in this publication-?”

Alecantar gritted his teeth, feeling like his ears might burn away. He hoped briefly that the question was rhetorical, but—Elenwen stood there, silent, waiting. “I saw a description of our

dungeons,” he managed, words choked with shame and fury.

“Oh, that *is* concerning. What did it say?”

“...It described stone walls, First Emissary. Shackles, and cells.”

“That sounds *almost* like it could have described *any* dungeon. Tell me, how did you know it was one of ours-?”

Alecantar closed his eyes, grimacing. “I—assumed, First Emissary.”

“So you did not *read* it, then.”

He forced a slow exhale. “I only read small portions. I did not-... I did not know it was-...”
Alecantar swallowed, fighting to find the right words to describe this text. Words that weren't *filthy*.

Elenwen, to his eternal relief, then snatched the book from his hands and turned to address the gathering.

“I would like to make something very clear,” she snapped. “And let me preface it by saying that apparently there are publications out there of a very... *disturbing* nature. Be warned,” she added, flashing a glare sidelong at Alecantar. “But I want it very clear that if you are going to make an arrest, you are to *verify* the information you have gathered *before* you waste my time on it. Believe me when I tell you all that I did not sit down at my desk today expecting to be confronted with this *filth*. And now we have a poor Breton girl stuck down in the dungeon, in shackles, for nothing more than fantasy. How are we to explain her arrest to the inevitable inquiries?”

Alecantar stood silent, ashamed, still wishing he could just vanish from this place. He tried not to look at the forest of faces staring at him.

Elenwen, meanwhile, angrily let her question hang in the air before continuing. “This could be an incident, make no mistake, and we have had *enough* incidents in the past weeks. The Thalmor represent *order!*” She turned, tossing the thick pamphlet down atop the nearby desk. “I expect all of you to begin to use a little more sense and discretion in your work! I do not want a repeat of this,” she snarled, cold, gesturing back at the papers. “And I want a solution to dealing with the Breton. Come to me if you have one. Dismissed,” she snapped. “Justiciar Alecantar, see me in my office.”

Alecantar turned away from the gathering gladly, ready to slink into her office and take whatever punishment she dealt out. Exile, death—anything was better than facing the crowd staring up at him as he read that... that *filth* aloud. Gods, but he was ashamed.

His thoughts, however—and his retreat—were interrupted by a voice from behind.

“First Emissary?”

Elenwen turned. “Just a moment, Alecantar. Yes, Justiciar Nelcanar-?”

Alecantar glanced back, furious with this delay to his escape, but said nothing. Nelcanar studied him in turn, brief and dispassionate, before turning his attention to Elenwen.

“I may have a solution for the Breton, if you'll indulge me just a moment, First Emissary.”

Alecantar's scowl deepened. *Trying to look good, are you?* he thought, savagely. But he couldn't exactly say as much. Not only because he was deeply in the shit, as it were, but because Nelcanar genuinely frightened him. The older Mer was stern and aloof, a field agent of many years. He was known for operating with a quick, impassive efficiency and bore himself with a formidable sense of authority. He brooked no disrespect, and Alecantar almost pitied the Breton knowing that it might be Nelcanar who dealt with her.

“...Go on?” the First Emissary asked, brow arching.

“Have someone bathe her and give me two hours to read through that book. If all goes well I will have her released by tomorrow, unharmed and... not displeased with our operations.”

Alecantar stared, uncomprehending. *Released?* Elenwen, beside him, seemed just as taken aback, her voice hushed but still shrill as she responded. “Nelcanar, are you suggesting-?”

“I am suggesting that you allow me to deal with this unpleasantness for the sake of the Embassy's reputation. Trust me, she will not speak of it.”

Elenwen frowned.

And as she was debating, Alecantar realized what Nelcanar meant. He sputtered out. “You want to *lie* with the Breton?” he demanded, disgusted.

Nelcanar's gaze shot to him, and Alecantar was suddenly aware that so far, he'd escaped the other Mer's notice. Now he was pinned like a moth to a board, and he grimaced.

Nelcanar showed no shame, however, as he answered. “I would like to ensure the prisoner that you dragged here over a *romance novel* does not lose her life nor drag our reputation into the dirt. With *respect*.” His stare was molten gold.

Elenwen, spurred into speaking by this exchange, sighed. “You will have one night,” she said. “Make sure this mess is cleaned up, Nelcanar. Be sure to get consent. The last thing we need is *that* sort of accusation leveled against us, right now. The only reason I am allowing this is because I know you are levelheaded, though I can't fathom...” She eyed him up and down, and her lips thinned with disapproval. “We shan't speak of this again.”

Nelcanar inclined his head and turned away, taking the papers in one hand as he went.

“Alecantar,” Elenwen snapped, moving on, and—like a dog with his tail tucked—Alecantar hastened to follow.

* * * * *

Embassy Dungeons

Elyenne had spent the last two nights in a position she'd often fantasized about, but now wanted absolutely nothing to do with. It was terribly ironic, darkly amusing, and she'd quietly laughed to

herself more than once as she'd hung here alone. Mostly, though, she'd just been afraid.

Nobody had listened to her, yet. That wasn't to say they hadn't asked her *questions*. They'd come in, soldiers and an interrogator, and asked her plenty of those. '*What is your name,*' and '*what are you planning*' and '*who are your co-conspirators*' and all of that. But any time she'd tried to blurt out the truth—that it was just a trashy romance, that she was just out in Skyrim looking to catalogue Dwemer ruins for the Synod—they had struck her. Not hard, really, but enough that it'd shut her up; and their barking commands that she was only to speak when spoken to had left her both afraid and struggling not to laugh.

The laughter would have been hysterical, though. Because what else could she do-? She had their answers; they just wouldn't let her *speak* them. And she had the distinct impression that they'd only just begun—that these questions had been only the briefest touch of an introduction to whatever they'd do next.

At least they'd let her down, and given her a chamber pot, in between sessions. The romance books had never touched on its heroine having to take a piss, or the realities of trying to wipe an ass with shackled hands. Or the horror, either, of having to do either with one's captors just around the corner. The shame was very real, the anger even moreso.

She was pretty sure they'd at least taken in what she'd said, in the end, because just a couple hours ago two soldiers had come down and led her upstairs, for awhile. She'd been taken to a room with a filled, hot bath, with fresh clothes to one side and a small meal on a plate. They'd even turned their backs, giving her her privacy—but neither had been willing, or maybe able, to answer why she was getting such treatment.

And after she'd bathed, and eaten, and changed, they'd just taken her back downstairs again.

So, here Elyenne was, stuck in this damn cell. She was afraid, and she was bored, and she wasn't sure which was worse; the musty darkness held only wooden walls beyond her bars, and what looked ominously like a torture rack off to one side. There wasn't much to see, there was nobody down here to talk with, and there was nothing to do but pace. Pace, and try not to imagine what the Thalmor might do to her down here. She tried, in particular, not to look out at the rack, at what she was pretty sure were bloodstains at its edge.

She hummed to herself, instead, trying to pass the time by thinking of anything *except* all of that—and at last, the dungeon door cracked open once again.

Well, if I'm going to get executed, at least I got a bath first, she thought dourly. And really, the meal hadn't been half-bad.

She tried to peer over the low wall to see who was coming, but all she could really make out in the dim candlelight was a hooded figure approaching. A Justiciar, then. He was alone, though, and that was odd; the other interrogator had only come with soldiers.

This one, too, was taller, broader in the shoulders though still with that Altmer slenderness to him. He moved like a predator, his steps near-silent and placed with a graceful confidence that left Elyenne pressing her back to the rear wall of her cell. This... this was the sort of Mer she'd fantasized about all-too-often, and as he came to a halt to study her through the bars, she tried desperately not to think about that.

But then he was unlocking the cell, stepping inside, and she caught a glimpse of his face beneath

the hood, framed by the candlelight.

High cheekbones. Strong jaw. A narrow Altmer chin, lips thin with eternal disapproval, and piercing golden eyes. She couldn't tell his age, but she could see he looked old enough to be authoritative, a few lines around his eyes and mouth accentuating the sharp angles of his face.

Oh, shit, she realized, her stomach sinking: *he's incredibly attractive*.

She tried to push that thought away, because honestly he was probably here to murder her, but then he spoke and there was a nail in *that* coffin.

“What is your name, Breton?” His voice was deep, a commanding croon that cut straight to her core. *Really, body?! she demanded of herself. Why?*

Elyenne licked her lips, and—angered by her own reaction to the elf—fought to at least be *angry*. She couldn't escape, sure, but she could be *angry*. “I already told them my name,” she answered, trying for a snarl and managing a half-whisper.

The Justiciar looked down at the sheaf of paper in his hands, and then back to her. “I would like to hear it from you.” He stood tall, and his sheer presence was intimidating and that uniform—

“...Elyenne Moorhouse,” she answered, reluctant, her eyes narrowing at him. She hugged her arms around herself, then dropped them, seething at the realization that she'd made herself look *weak*.

He tapped the papers against his black-gloved palm. “Elyenne Moorhouse,” he repeated back, his tone one of quiet musing. Her name, purred from his mouth, was electrifying.

Electrifying, despite her being afraid of what he might do to her. Despite fearing inevitable torture, or even—after days of having been left here—potential death.

“You have not been in Skyrim long?” he hazarded.

And she, in turn, swallowed and nodded. “High Rock. Synod,” she managed.

He nodded once. “Justiciar Nelcanar.” And then he turned, pulling the cell door shut behind him as he stepped inside.

As he shut himself in with her.

The space suddenly felt far too small, the elf—his piercing eyes half-lidded as he watched her—far too close. He came to within arm's length of her and stopped, holding up the papers for her to see. Yet he was still formal, stiffly upright, showing no hostility. And damn, he was tall, his silhouette towering. She felt *small*. “I had a careful read through the materials that were confiscated from you,” he said, and Elyenne could do nothing but close her eyes in embarrassment.

A hot flush rose across her neck and face, and she felt like her ears might just combust. “...Yeah,” she managed.

“It seems my colleague did not look through said material before placing you under arrest. Still...” he went on, and began to flip through the papers.

Elyenne opened her eyes, watching, a dim sense of unreality settling in. She recognized the book she'd had with her—“THE SECRETS OF THE THALMOR.” Only belatedly did she realize that the smut was *bookmarked*. That this Nelcanar was opening up a marked passage to look it over, running black-gloved fingers down the page. “There are,” he began, “several errors in this material

that I would like to address. If I may,” he said, and flicked golden eyes to meet Elyenne's own.

She stared back, puzzled. “...What?”

“Errors,” the elf repeated, patient, and moved a little closer.

Elyenne pulled back just a bit, quailing away by instinct. Nelcanar showed no sign of noticing. She hesitated. “Uhhh. Can I ask you a question?” she managed.

“Of course.”

“Are you going to kill me?” Fear spiked in her at even the prospect of asking it, terror at the answer she might get, but Nelcanar only tilted his head a little.

“No. With any luck, you will be released by morning, with supplies for a return journey.”

Elyenne wanted nothing more than to be gone. To have those supplies and be gone from this place. “Then why-... Can't I go now? Why can't I go now?” She realized, with some disgust, that her voice was pleading.

Nelcanar leaned in a little closer, to the point he was very nearly touching her, and again she felt as though her eyes had been caught by his own. “Because there are errors in this text that I would like to address.” His words, though repeated, now held a low and almost crooning undertone. “They are an *affront* to the Altmer people. Take this passage, for example.” He looked down. “In which the Justiciar,” and gods, hearing him say the word—hearing the way an actual *Justiciar* pronounced that word she'd had far too many daydreams over—was... Elyenne had no time to dwell on that. She didn't *want* to. “...Pins his prisoner against the wall, and has his way with her.” His eyes slid back up and lingered on her own.

Oh, shit. He was close, his face only inches from her own and her gut tightened with fear and... *something else.* She knew what the 'something else' was but *fuck*, she couldn't acknowledge that right now, not when this could go so, so badly. The Justiciar of her daydreams was authoritative and commanding. *Real* Justiciars were killers. Secret police who made people vanish. *Real* Thalmor were not *sexy*.

But she could feel the warmth of his skin from here, could see his eyes watching her own, unblinking; she could smell the faint floral odor of his soap. His voice dropped into a low, steadying tone. “There is no foreplay. No buildup. It is... sloppy, and uncouth. It is not the way an Altmer would behave. The Thalmor Embassy finds this to be an inaccuracy worth correcting. For your sake, of course... not for *public* knowledge.” He paused, and eyed her closely, tucking the book under one arm. “I have ensured that no one will disturb us.” Slowly he reached out, took her wrists in his hands. Elyenne froze, feeling abruptly like a rabbit in a trap. For a moment she feared the Justiciar might turn violent, but instead he raised her arms up. Before she could register what he was doing, he'd snapped the manacles back around her wrists so that Elyenne was again chained to the stone wall.

He paused, and Elyenne found herself frozen. Mind, body, nothing was working right now. It seemed like he was implying that he—that the book wasn't... That the Justiciar in the book hadn't been a good enough *fuck*..?

She jerked, tense in her bonds. “Are you—implying-...” She tried to take a breath, and it was ragged, with mostly fear. She didn't know what he might *do* to her, and that *wasn't* a sexy thought.

Nelcanar spread his fingers to grip both her bound wrists in one hand, and pressed them tighter

against the wall. All the while he watched her, far too close, the gold-edged black robe taking up all her vision.

“I am implying that this,” he said softly, and dropped the papers to one side—they fell in a heap to the floor, forgotten—“is a cheap substitute for a far superior reality.” His grip shifted around her wrists, not painful but enough for her to remember he was there, and he lifted his other hand. Still-gloved fingers slipped up to cradle her face, and he ran one thumb over her cheekbone. “I am suggesting, that you allow me to show you how a *true* Altmer would proceed in this scenario.”

Oh.

Realization settled in.

... *Oh*.

Oh, *fuck*, she was tempted. Tempted, and he was leaning far too close, and he had become the whole world around her, inescapable.

...Not that she wasn't also shackled to the damn wall, but-... Something about his eyes, his patient authority, left her-

She was aroused, she realized. *Back-stabbing body!*

Elyenne closed her eyes, and took a shaking breath. Hesitated. Managed, then, a few words—words squeezed out by fear. “What if I say no?” And there it was, her *real* fear here, given sound. Again, she feared what he might answer.

His reply came without hesitation. “Then I will unbind you, you will be given a warm bed and you will leave here tomorrow, unharmed.” Relief flooded through her. “Otherwise... You will have all of that when I am done.”

When I am done. Something about that phrasing again shot to her core, inflaming the heat already stirring there. Elyenne opened her eyes again, studying him. And she managed some strength in her words, to her own surprise. “What did you say your name was?”

“Justiciar Nelcanar,” he replied at once, his deep voice again curling through her.

“Nelcanar,” she repeated quietly.

Elyenne went still, thinking, and it didn't escape her notice that Nelcanar simply awaited her decision, patient. She hesitated. This was *real*, this wasn't a cheap pamphlet out of Markarth, this was really her in shackles in the Thalmor fucking Embassy. It was terrifying, but the elf standing calmly controlled (and, okay, also terrifying) before her was... reassuring. *And how often do we get to actually try out our fantasies?* she wondered.

“So...” *Am I really about to say this? Am I really about to do this?* “What... exactly... was wrong with the book?” *Oh*. Yup, yes she was. She'd said it. Or, really, she'd half- *whispered* it.

And now the Justiciar was studying her in turn, thumb still stroking her cheek. “To begin with... The Justiciar in question was uncontrolled. A savage, a wretch. Whoever wrote that drivel was no Mer.” His eyes narrowed a fraction, as if in emphasis. “An Altmer is *always* in control.”

He leaned in. Paused, that fraction of space away and Elyenne had closed the gap before she realized it, and suddenly their lips were pressed together. Warm, soft, a shocking contrast to how tall and stiff he looked in that black uniform.

Justiciar Nelcanar was an excellent kisser, and Elyenne mused that maybe he had a point about the trashy book. He touched his lips to hers, firm but gentle, the hand at her cheek sliding down to cradle the side of her neck and jaw. There were touches of his tongue, delicate, now and then.

Nelcanar slid his hand from her neck down across her shoulder, and to her chest—and his fingers curled into the loose fabric of the new shirt, pressing her back against the wall.

Elyenne gasped against his lips, against the sense that suddenly she was pinned by the entire *towering* height of him. And Nelcanar didn't relent; he kept kissing her, more deeply now, the hand balled in her shirt sparing one finger to stroke out across her breast. She shivered at the touch.

A sense of dreamlike unreality fought with the heat that rose in her now—the idea that this was really *happening* too intense to even think about.

The Justiciar pressed the lower half of his body closer against her own, sliding his hand back up to cradle her face again; he pulled away from the kiss just a little as his thumb reached her chin and—before she'd even realized it was there—Elyenne had taken it between her lips. Had sucked on his glove, just for a second, had gotten that taste of leather—had that been his intention? She watched him, too damned hot to be ashamed, as he brushed that gloved hand across her face.

“I trust you can already perceive a difference,” he said quietly, studying her through half-closed eyes.

“...Yeah,” she managed, a whisper. Then he was kissing her again, harder, one hand still holding her wrists—the other slid to her neck, cradling it and pinning her back both. Elyenne gasped, and she knew then that he'd actually read through the book, knew he'd picked out what she must have found arousing, must have *taken fucking notes*.

Nelcanar's hips pressed against her, his whole body pinning hers to the wall as he devoured her. His kiss shifted, sliding up to her ear and instead of just licking it as the pages had described (disgusting) he was nibbling, kissing, breathing hot twists of air against her skin. Slow, passionate kisses brushed her ear, her cheekbone, down the side of her face. Elyenne writhed against his weight, another quiet gasp escaping her.

His free hand slid back down, brushing over her chest—and then back up again, until gloved fingers found her left breast. They kneaded there, slowly, as he ran kisses along her jaw, the other side of her throat.

Elyenne caught the scent of leather, and realized the glove was back at her mouth. “Bite,” the Justiciar murmured.

She opened her eyes, hazy, and obeyed, biting down on the glove—and he pulled his hand free of it, sliding bare fingers down, thumb finding her nipple through the shirt. He pressed, rubbed there. *Fuck*, that felt good. Elyenne's head rocked back as the glove fell away, a shudder running through her, and the Justiciar leaned in, kissing the side of her neck, biting lightly at her.

Elyenne moaned. She couldn't help herself—it was a quiet, choked little noise and she cut it off—but the Mer took note. His hand slid down, found the hem of the shirt and dipped beneath, slid up her stomach, and his hand was back on her breast a moment later. Fingers slipped around her nipple, gently flicking and tweaking.

He pulled away from her lips.

“Another correction.” His voice was low purr in her ear. “I would not use shock magic as an erotic

aid. The risk would be too great. But there are other uses for magic in these circumstances. Look at me.”

She opened her eyes, hazy, and stared up at him; his gloved hand left her manacles, and he held it up before her.

“You mentioned,” he murmured, “that you were with the Synod. You know what Clairvoyance does, yes?”

She studied him, the strange collision of heavy foreplay and trying to remember her mage's training staggering her thoughts for a moment. “Ahh... It—shows you the way to your goal,” she managed, frowning. She couldn't figure out the relevance, but he didn't make her wait for long.

He inclined his head, instead. “So if I were to wonder what it was you most desired, right now... What you most *needed*,” and there was a sudden pale, bright trail of shimmering magic drawing out from his fingertips.

Elyenne blinked hazily, following it with her eyes, and, *oh*. It led straight down between her legs. She watched it go, fighting down her own embarrassment, then looked up to the mer—to find him staring straight into her eyes.

“...I see. Effective, isn't it?”

She had no answer, but he didn't need one: he knelt, abruptly, and settled his mouth in against her still-clothed groin. Elyenne yelped quietly, shocked, but the mer pressed his tongue in hard between her legs, and she could feel the sudden heat there, the wet.

He kissed there as he had her mouth: long and lingering, lips pulling and sucking at her, tongue pressing in and exploring every curve, all through the thin layers of fabric. Fingers ran up and down the backs of her thighs.

Oh, this was *much* better than the book.

Nelcanar kept on licking, sucking, until Elyenne was squirming, until her breath had become quiet gasps. His hands raised up, pinning her legs apart and to the stone, holding her in place as he explored her.

His tongue found her clit through the cloth, and she cried out, twisting hard against his hands and he seemed to take this as encouragement: he only pressed her back harder, sucking there. She shuddered in pleasure and he pulled away just a little, peering up at her. “To imagine there was no oral pleasure whatsoever in that text. What apathetic nonsense.” Elyenne gave a little laugh, half-breathless—but it didn't last long, because Nelcanar was tugging her brand new trousers, and the underwear with them, down around her ankles. He discarded them, tossing them into the hay-strewn cell. She had only a moment to register the cold air before his mouth was pressed back to her, tongue right back where he'd left off.

“Ooooh fuck,” Elyenne managed.

He didn't slow. His tongue slid up, back down, pressing in past folds of wet skin. She shook as he took her knees and spread them, lifting them up over his shoulders, hooking them there. Palms slid up along the backs of her thighs, and then— *oh gods, is that the glove?*

She felt the press of thick leather sliding along her slick skin, teasing toward her entrance. Her hips bucked forward a little, eyes widening as she realized what he intended to do. One gloved finger pressed against her, then slid away again, gathering her wetness along its length—and then it was

pressing *into* her, sliding slowly inside. With that glove it was *thick*.

“Ooooh *fuck*.”

His mouth was unrelenting, lips and tongue still working her, exploring her, only now one still-gloved finger was sliding deep inside her. She twisted back, rocking her hips toward him without meaning to, and he pressed her to the wall again and began a slow push-and-pull of that single finger. She couldn't help a quiet, wordless cry escaping her.

Elyenne opened her eyes, staring out into the dungeon, again realizing how unreal this all felt. But it was hard to think past the black-clad elf between her legs, the elf who now pushed back his hood to better press his mouth flush to her body. The pull of his tongue drove her wild, and the feeling of his gloved finger filling her was intense.

Nelcanar looked up at her, pulled away—pulled out, achingly slowly—and hooked his hands up beneath her knees. He pushed up, slowly standing, letting her knees slide down off his shoulders but catching them at his hips. She took the hint and hooked them there, heart racing like a caged thing inside her chest as she stared at him.

Nelcanar stared back, and leaned in, his tall black-swathed body a silhouette that was almost frightening. There was a command, an authority, in him as one hand came up to again grip her wrists, as the other slid a glove back down between her thighs, the finger finding its way back inside her. His eyes met hers, and held there, as he began to move it faster. Her head rocked back with the sharp pleasure of it, but she couldn't take her eyes off him.

Hood off, he was even more striking. A thin scar curved up the side of his face, and his hair was long, silver-white, held back by a ponytail she couldn't see. His eyes, even half-lidded, were hard for her to meet: there was a power and a confidence to him, an aloofness that always set the elves apart.

He leaned in, his body pressing against her hard enough to hold her in place without his hands. Elyenne kept her legs around him, watching in a half-daze as he withdrew his hand from her, as he freed himself from his robes. She had no time to see anything but a flash of flushed golden skin before he'd pressed back in close.

She could feel him stroke himself, slowly, between her legs and she shivered.

Nelcanar murmured against her ear, his breath hot there. “We do not rush these things, rutting like mindless beasts. That wretched story that you carried showed nothing of the truth. You are my prisoner,” he went on, tightening his hand around her wrists for emphasis, “but still we have methods. Standards.”

She didn't think to ask if they regularly fucked their prisoners. She didn't think anything, because the damn Thalmor Justiciar had slid himself between her thighs, and was pushing his way inside her. She stilled, shivered, as he filled her, as she felt his heat invade.

Elyenne clamped her legs around him. Her back arched and he pressed deeper, shifting forward to pin her to the wall. He too went still, fully inside her, her weight completely against him and held up by his own strength.

Nelcanar kissed at her neck. “Ahh, but I have forgotten part of the role of the wicked oppressor.” He shifted a little, turning to press teeth to the skin of her throat. He bit hard, enough to leave a light mark, and Elyenne cried out a little.

“Fuck-”

“*Silence, little Breton,*” he growled, and she was almost taken aback before she understood what he'd meant by 'oppressor.'

The book, she realized. *He's imitating that role, but... better.* Okay, this wasn't her normal sex life, but... *I like it. I mean, he's nailing the fantasy?* she told herself. As if she *needed* an excuse! Elyenne went eagerly still as he continued. “Good.” His voice thrummed with command. “*Beg me* for what you want.”

Elyenne nearly protested, pride flickering back up, until Nelcanar rocked his hips back into her. Another gasp was torn from her. “Gods-...” Again she felt small before the Mer. She really realized how fucking big he was, how tall, how strong. A shiver rippled down her arms, her spine. All her memories of that trashy book came crashing back—the snarling Thalmor, the rough fucking, the prisoner left bound and stained on the floor at the end. And oh, gods, there was a Thalmor *inside her now*.

“You will address me as Justiciar,” was his response, quiet, “as accurate as 'gods' may be, by comparison with yourself.”

It was almost something to laugh at, except he *was* a Justiciar, and she *was* chained in a Thalmor dungeon. He was still hilted inside her, tense and still, awaiting a response. Elyenne considered, tentative—how far would he go to honor her begging? “Then-... please, Justiciar... unbind my hands, and then...” She took a breath. Dirty talk was *well* outside the realm of her experience.

“Take you? Fuck you, against the wall?” Nelcanar finished for her, in a snarl.

Elyenne closed her eyes with a shuddering exhale. “Yes.”

He rocked his hips again, hard, and she felt the press of him inside her, his robes against her skin. “Beg for it,” he commanded.

The words spilled out before she could feel shame. “Please. Please, untie—unchain me, and—fuck me, against the wall...”

A thumb trailed across her wrist. “Very well, then. Since you so clearly *know your place*.”

He shifted position, dropping one hand into his robes, and came away with a key. A *click*, and her arms were free—and the warmth as blood returned to them was a relief she hadn't realized that she ached for. It was one more lovely sensation to add to the overwhelming *stack* of them. She dropped her arms around his back, raised one hand to brush over the back of his head, and pulled him close.

Nelcanar shoved her against the wall, kissed her deep and hard, and began to slide in and out with a slow, hard rhythm.

“Ooooh *gods*,” Elyenne managed. A growl at her ear corrected her misstep. “*Justiciar...*” she amended, and gasped as he rewarded her with a bite across her earlobe.

Nelcanar ran kisses down the side of her neck, and back to her lips, tasting her. He held her in place against the cold stone wall, and he fucked her.

Elyenne's head shot back as he moved faster, each sharp press of his hips shoving him deep and driving the breath from her. She couldn't help but moan, the sounds torn from her every time he rocked her back. She was lost in him.

“Filthy Breton,” he whispered in her ear, and it sounded appreciative. Approving. His gloved hand found her throat, fingers sliding around to grip her by the neck, pressing her to the wall. *“Man-mer wretch.”*

She saw him pull back enough to watch her, golden eyes catching her own and trapping her there as he drove into her again and again. Felt his hand tighten, just enough to send a spike of delicious fear through her.

Nelcanar panted as he continued voicing his quiet contempt. “You were caught with your shameful desires exposed, weren't you?” He stared her down, hips hammering at her now. “And now you can do nothing but *watch them be fulfilled*. You wished to be captured by the Thalmor?” His grip around her throat tightened, and when her eyes sprang wide, his fingers loosened, just a little. A brief spark of genuine fear turned to relief as she realized he wouldn't truly harm her; that even now he was disciplined and controlled.

At this realization, Elyenne finally let herself go, let herself get lost in his grip, in the hot feel of him moving thick inside her. In the heat, building through her core.

“You belong to the Thalmor, now,” Nelcanar growled. He leaned in close, kissing her deeply again, then kissing along her jaw, her ear, her neck, never slowing the sharp snaps of his hips.

She tightened her legs around him, gasping for air past the strain of the sex and the hand pressed around her throat.

“Lose yourself to me, little Breton.”

Elyenne cried out, arching, her hips pushing toward him. She felt her pleasure building like a burning spring inside her, coiling tighter and tighter. His ungloved hand slid down her body, then up into her shirt and across her breasts. She moaned again. “Fuck! *Gods-*”

“Justiciar,” Nelcanar corrected, briefly squeezing Elyenne's throat, and he shifted so he was shoving her up along the wall. The sensation of helplessness twined through the pleasure, curling there and elevating it higher, until she felt that pleasure build and build and break. It tore through her in waves, the spring at last releasing in one surge of unbearable energy. The orgasm hit her hard. She cried out, twisting and bucking, back arching against the Justiciar. He continued his hard, fast thrusts, fingers pinching at her nipple. Heat, movement, ecstasy pushed everything from her mind in white-hot streaks and pulses. She felt her legs shuddering, her arms grasping at Nelcanar's back. Felt his heavy body, pressing her to the wall. And he wasn't slowing—not as she finished, not as she felt herself tighten and lock around him as though he were her key. He kept fucking her, hand still firm around her throat, and Elyenne could only lay pinioned against the wall, lost in lingering waves of pleasure.

For a moment Elyenne remained almost limp, in a warm daze as she felt herself shoved against it over and over. She felt her muscles still gripping him, tight. *He's not stopping*, she realized, belatedly, and she blinked hazily up at him.

He stared back down. “I am not done with you yet, little Breton.” It was a sneer, almost taunting, and Elyenne blinked again. Nelcanar drew himself out of her and pulled back. His hands dropped to her waist and he lifted and turned her to face the wall. She gasped at the sudden cold of the stone against her chest, her face, and at the sensation of him resting her down against his hips again. She was pinned, facing the wall, by his body. She felt his breath hot at her neck, and then he was pushing back inside her, giving her no time to rest.

“If you had information for me, would you have given it up by now?” came the quiet growl in her

ear.

She hesitated, and felt a gloved hand curl into her hair, gripping there. Fresh desire shot through her as he tugged her head back. He leaned in to press his face to hers, his cheekbone sharp against her own. His hips rocked her against the wall, finding his rhythm again, and all she could feel was his weight, the shove of him up against her buttocks. “No...” she hissed, and wondered what he'd say to that. What he might *do*. The question was frightening. The potential *answers* were delicious.

Nelcanar's hand tightened in her hair, twisting her head to the side, and he slid his face down to bite at her neck again. “I have other methods,” he growled.

Before she could wonder, he was sliding his other hand down from her hips, down across her belly and lower, searching for her clit again. He found it, and began to toy there with his fingers, quick little movements that writhed her hips against him. Elyenne yelped, still too sensitive, and stilled as she realized she could barely move. That her hands were braced to the wall, that her head was held in place, her hips pinned by his own. His fingers were unrelenting. She cried out, legs kicking, her hips twisting against him.

“And now..?”

Elyenne barely noticed the gasping in his words despite his self-control. She was too lost in his hips battering her, in the way her head was held to one side, his breath along her throat, her jaw, as he bit and kissed there. In his fingers, expertly working her.

“*Fuuuuck...*” Her eyes slid shut.

“Speak, Breton...” Fingers circled her. Pinched, a little, and her legs jerked again.

“Oh, fuck, I'd tell you everything.” Her voice was a whimper.

“Very good.” The crooning voice held approval, and Nelcanar rewarded her with further torment. It didn't matter, now, because being pinned to the damn wall and fucked ragged was driving heat back up through Elyenne's body.

I'm going to come again, she realized, and cried out as the pleasure built. “Gods-”

The fist tightened in her hair, and she heard a low hiss at her ear. “Wrong.”

“*Justiciar*,” she moaned.

He kissed along her neck, hips nailing her helpless to the wall with every push, and her pleasure spiked higher. Past her exhaustion, the heat and the sweat, she felt him panting at her ear. She heard his hiss of pleasure, felt his thrusts grow faster and harder as he pushed toward his own finish.

His hand slid from her hair back to her throat, pulling her back enough for him to stare at her, to lean in and kiss her as he fucked her.

Everything exploded into heat and pleasure, stars shooting across her vision as she spasmed around him for a second time. Distantly she felt her legs kick out, felt the spike of ecstasy rippling through her body, her back arching against him. He held her and kissed her, drowning her in him as she came. It went on and on, every thrust from the mer at her back driving another shuddering shockwave through her.

As Elyenne rode it out, she realized belatedly that she was moaning.

“I am almost finished with you, little Breton.” Nelcanar’s voice was a strained assurance, and he pressed her harder to the wall. She hung there, lost in her own haze of pleasure, shuddering with the aftershocks, with the sensation of him still shoving hard and fast against her, inside her.

There was a deep groan at her ear, and then his thrusts grew ragged. Nelcanar pulled away, drew out, and Elyenne felt the splashes of sticky warmth against her inner thigh. She felt, too, the sudden hollow emptiness where he’d been, the wonderful throbbing that lingered there. He reached down, straining against her as he finished, and she could feel him stroking himself against her thigh.

All she could manage, again, was a gasping, “*Gods*.” For a moment, she thought the Justiciar might correct her again; but this time, he lifted her hips and turned her gently around to face him, then slid his hand up from her neck, cradling her head.

“I will agree with that,” he murmured, and—eyes half-lidded—leaned in to kiss her.

Elyenne kissed him—a brief kiss, as it turned out, for he was pulling away to study her.

“I trust the difference has been made clear,” and the effect of his purr was only enhanced by his still ragged breathing.

“Oh, *yes*.” She leaned into him, limp in the afterglow, half-wishing the uniformed Justiciar would *cuddle* her there. He didn’t let her go, at least, or drop her to the ground, as the damn book had implied he might.

“Good.” He held her there, against the wall, as they both caught their breath—and only after a long moment did he slowly lower her down, until she was on her own two feet. Nelcanar pulled his hood back up, then, and leaned down, picking up her cheaply-bound book. He eyed it over, for a moment, then handed it to her with a sly expression. “I made extensive notes that I think you will find... satisfying. Should you wish further corrections, I can occasionally be reached—during my admittedly rare free periods—through the Winking Skeeever in Solitude.”

Elyenne watched him, trying to make sense of this past the post-sex haze still drifting through her mind like some pheromone fog. She very nearly blurted ‘*huh?*’ before realizing what he was offering: further encounters. Trysts, with a *Thalmor*. Her eyes widened just a little at the possibility, and she stared at him.

“...I might just take you up on that,” she managed, blinking at him in surprise.

Nelcanar inclined his head. “Then... let us get cleaned up, and get you to a proper room, where you can rest.” His words were surprisingly gentle after his mockery and snarls. There was none of the cruel smugness in him now. That had—she hoped?—been an act. Elyenne couldn’t help but smile, just a little. She realized, abruptly, that she didn’t want him to leave just yet.

Before she could parse her own brief hesitation, Elyenne was speaking. “Could you—do you want to... stay with me?”

He perked a brow, studying her, then. Silent.

She blushed. “Just-...” She lifted a hand, scratching her face, embarrassed. “...Feels weird being alone, after that,” she muttered.

Nelcanar watched her, for a moment. “You want... company.”

Elyenne nodded, relieved that he understood her. “That’s all I’m asking.”

He considered. "I will chalk it up to the price the Embassy must pay for the idiotic misstep of arresting you," he answered, lifting a hand to brush bare fingers across her cheek. Then he pulled away, picking up the black glove and tugging it back around his hand. He knelt, picking up her clothes, handing them to her; as an afterthought he drew a handkerchief from his robes and gave her that, as well. "I will settle you in, then return to you after I've reported where I will be."

She wondered about this, but nodded. "...Thank you," she said. She turned away a little, to clean herself off and to dress.

"And I have your assurance," Nelcanar pressed, peering at her, "that this stays between us..? All of it," he added.

Elyenne laughed in breathless disbelief, glancing back at him. "No one would believe me." She shook her head. "It's not... what I expected when I left Markarth, but-... It was good. You—were worried I'd tell others? Is it not allowed for you to..."

He perked a brow. "I do not want word getting out, in general, that the Embassy arrested someone over *that*." He gestured to the book.

"I don't want anyone knowing about *any* of it." Elyenne winced. "You're safe, I can promise you."

"Come, then." The Justiciar stepped back, and she watched as he turned away to readjust his robes.

Elyenne, unsteady, followed.

* * * * *

"And you're certain there will be no complaints..?" Elenwen glanced up, studying Nelcanar.

He felt calmer today than he had in quite some time. He hadn't realized just how much he'd needed the release, as well. "I am certain."

The First Emissary shook her head in disbelief, looking over her paperwork. "I still cannot believe you chose to *bed* the girl. If it were anyone else I would have said no. I trust you were careful..?"

"I thought we wouldn't speak of this again?" Nelcanar protested, his amusement showing in a quirk of his lips. This faded as he continued. "I was careful, First Emissary. My choice was an obvious alternative, I should think? It was this, or the girl perhaps winds up dead, with all the paperwork to follow—or released, to make claims of false arrests. It may seem crass, but I put my body to use as a soldier for the Dominion every day. I have been cut by blades, burnt by fire. This," he went on, adjusting one glove, "was only a minor disagreeable task." *Not actually disagreeable, by any means*. He rather liked the Breton, but he wasn't about to tell *Elenwen* that.

"An uncouth one. A distasteful one. But... not forbidden." Elenwen admitted. She shook her head. "All is well that ends well, I suppose. ...Unfortunately this won't earn your record any high marks," she added, humor dry as the papers spread before her.

Nelcanar chuckled. "I would certainly hope not. Let's... leave this one out, shall we?"

The First Emissary shook her head. “That may be for the best. You are dismissed. And this time—we really will *not* be speaking of this again.”

End Notes

Lemme throw out a dedication to everyone who helped me with feedback on Finding 'Home.' The importance of editors and feedback cannot be underestimated. Whoever the author of THE SECRETS OF THE THALMOR was, they really coulda used your help <3 (I can just imagine Nelcanar making a google doc of helpful tips as to where they went terribly, terribly wrong)

Important edit: ART. Look at this. (Immediately) [by thana.topsy @ insta!](#) (thank you this is amazing and uh, really drives home that height difference huh)

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!